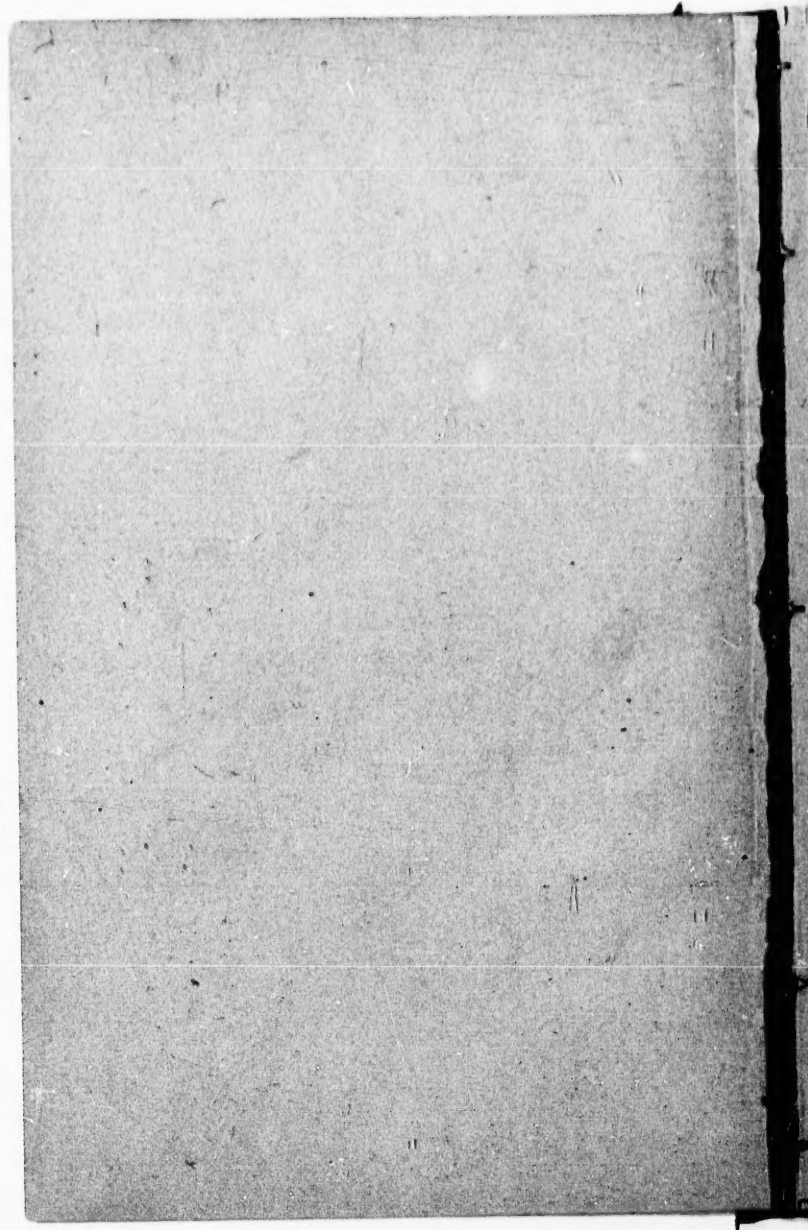


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POEMS

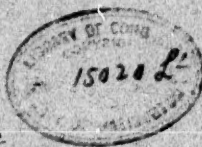
BY

WILLIAM FREDERICK PARKER.

If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs,—the clear and the tender,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.

—Shakespeare.

GLOBE PRINTING COMPANY.
1880.



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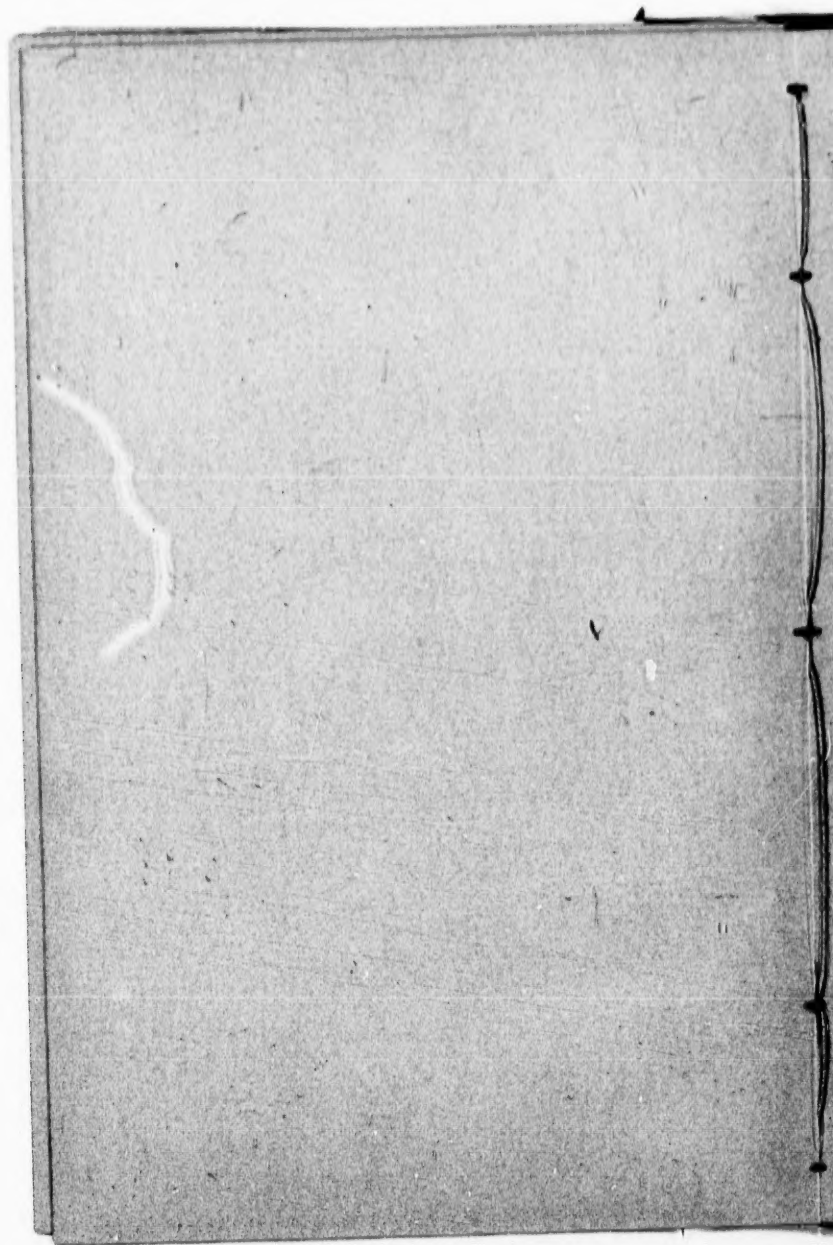
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EROS.

"Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods
drown it: if a man would give all the substance of his house for
love, it would utterly be contemned."

--Solomon.



EROS.

Gaze upon the canopy
Above thy head some peaceful night !
Her charms around eternal Wisdom
Love in fervor wound,
Creating in delight
The glory there !

Stars with stars in boundless space
Are whirling,
Worlds and burning suns !
Love instile in them
Its everlasting power !
Love controls their various movements,
Methodizing spiral situations
Of attendant and reliant moons ;
Guiding planets in their orbits :
Keeping in continual motion
All the heavenly spheres !
The lights of incandescent stars
Are smiles
That cheer the universes.

The gorgeous sun,
Resplendent in effulgence
And exuberant magnificence,
Revolving in ethereal space
Among its grand compeers,
Was fashioned countless ages since,
And now is guided,
By immortal love.

Love and wisdom
Are the twins of Paradise,
The perfect union
In celestial eminence.

O it is thine, imperial Love,
Divine in birth and reared in Heaven,
Every worthy heart to rule
And every lustrous star!

Souls of deep endurance meet
With sweet affinity
In souls of wondrous purity,
And in their admiration soar
Above the stars.

Man and woman bound in love,
Spurning tinsels
Of the trivial world,
Uniting love and wisdom,

Spirits are from spheres unseen,
Superior to harmonious stars!

There was a being born amid
The everlasting relics
Of forgotten empires,
Whose mysterious genius
Fascinated mighty monarchs,
And whose intellectual splendor
Reared a dazzling glory
In the world.

O saw ye that majestic youth,
Supreme in beauty?
Angels of another world
Descend as mortals oft
To grace the evil earth!
His marvellous head was worthy temple
Of his superhuman mind;
Divinity
Beamed in his countenance;
His smile possessed a charm
As irresistible as love;
He knew his god-like grandeur;
Timid deer fled not away
When, musing in the floral wood,
He swept the tender strings
Of his bewitching lyre!

Did ye behold him as he wandered on?
Did ye behold
The beauty of his eyes?
Yon marble palace,
Perfect in design,
Surpassing those of every land and age,
Save Greece and Rome
And their unrivalled masterpieces,
He, in stately manner, entered.

On blended hues
Of wondrous neoramas,
Whose deceptive lineaments
And fine perspectives
Made infinitude
Within that burnished palace;
On the mellow tints
Of labored works of Painting,
That divinest art;
And on the snowy forms
Of Sculpture,
He in admiration gazed.

He stood entranced;
He felt alliance with the beauty there,
And his exalted mind
Discovered newer beauties in itself.
He uttered in a passive mood
The prompting of his immortality,

The secret of his being:
"Pansophy."
And the music of his voice,
Subdued and modulated,
Gave a beauty to that classic word.
His tones euphonious and impressive
Mingled in the melic zephyrs
Driven through eolian harps
Within the portals of the palace.

Onward dreaming, and impassioned
In his oratory,
Ever blissful
From the grand creations
Of his wondrous mind,
Through floral and luxuriant woodlands,
Sweet with Nature's fragrant breath,
He wandered.

Paradise and Houries,
Whose large eyes
Sent rapture into his,
And love in forms unnumbered,
Were before him there.
What forms of classic beauty moved
Along those sinuous paths,
Amid the countless hues
Of aromatic flowers?
Beauteous women with their satellites
And splendid retinues!

The youth beheld them in their gemmed attires,
And knew himself a peer
In that august assemblage.

Reclining near yon marble fane,
Beside meandering brook,
On richest robe of oriental clime,
Beheld ye that enchanting maid?
Perfection her fine form created,
Mirroring there itself.
The delicate elixir of the earth
Instilled in her its charms,
And Heaven's self
On her in condescension gazed.
The lawless elements
Fled far away;
They could not harm
The paragon of Earth.

The youth beheld the maiden there,
And quickly throbbed his fervent heart.
He knew that he must love.
Such knowledge comes upon the soul
As a command from some imperial court.
He knew that he must love.
He could not disobey;
He looked upon the maiden,
And the dream of all his glory fled.
He sighed and trembled as he gazed.
Beyond control his tremor grew.

The magnetism of her beauty
Overcame his will.

His intuition,
Wondrous in the clearness of its truth,
Perceived the new desires
Of her ardent soul.
His intellectual splendor,
Mingling with the fine afflatus
Of his magic genius,
Ruling every earthly instinct then
Of his impetuous nature,
Glowing in his eyne,
Disseminating through remotest nerves,
And every sensitive and tiny fibre,
Thrilled his classic form.

His burning love
Revealed itself in his melodious voice,
Attuning to its sorrow
The pathos of these sentiments:
"O heart! most wayward boon of man,
Foe to thine own deluded self;
But ever in superior souls
Alluring friend
To mystic phantasies that play
Around thy trustful love
In cruel guile,
Thou shalt not now depart
From my control!

"O love and wisdom
And essential memory,
Immortal trinity,
Ye cannot perish when ye vanish
From the earth!
Combine within me now
And vanquish these emotions,
Leave me monarch of my soul!"

A gentle being roving near,
Gazelle in grace,
In beauty Venus,
Whispered in most winning tones
And, disappearing,
Left this admonition:

"Leer not at the maiden!
Ruthless love,
The ecstasy of sorrow,
Sleeps within her guileless soul.
Seek thou the man within thee.
Guard this maiden
From the glory of thy genius.
Oh! if she beholds thee now,
Within her dreams
Thy beauty will forever glow,
And, tremulously, love
Will steal away her reason.
Fly! depart,

Endearing youth,
Apollo, if thou art,
Or his more modern rival,
Bold and grand enchanter."

Then over that proud youth
There came a change.
His soul, so passionate and wild,
Burst from him in impatient words:

"Now am I conquered by this warning!
Love has won my manhood;
Never more shall I be free;
I tremble as I gaze upon the maiden.
Oh! hadst thou not revealed me this!
Or told me of my power!
Now and ever
I shall dream of her!"

Ah! then enamoured zephyrs
Wrapt around the beauteous form
Of that reposing maid
The oriental veil,
Diaphanous and snowy white,
Bound by a golden zone;
And soothing perfumes and aroma
From rich spices and sweet flowers came,
Breathing delight
In her dilated nostrils;
And celestial rapture beamed

In her most orient eyne.
She spied that wondering youth ;
Her clear perception read his thought ;
In ardor she arose ;
The motion of her graceful limbs
Entraced his soul.

He knew that he was conquered.
Never more would he forget
The beauty then before him.
Visions of ambition
Faded in the dazzling light of love.
The flute-like tones of his sweet voice
Expressed his agony :
" The man I was I am no more !
O ! thou hast conquered,—I am thine ! "

Then fainter grew the lustrous light
That dwelt within his eyne.
He smiled, remembering his past,
And his devotion
To the grand designs
Of his peculiar nature ;
He smiled, and sorrow beautified
The marvellous beauty
Of his marble countenance.

In wild impatience then
His noble head he tossed ;

But vanquishment was in his mien.
His voice, musical and clear,
Spurned his command.
The maiden heard its faint reluctant tones.
They won her willing soul
Forevermore :

"Unrivalled and celestial being,
Envy of the Universe,
Thou paragon !
O ! why art thou so beautiful ?
Thine is a face elysian !
O ! as I gaze, I love thee,
Loving, leave the earth below
And fly enraptured heaven-ward
With thee !"

Then from invisible retreats
Within the woodlands
Came a gentle voice,
As from a soul in Paradise :

"The loftiest love,
Supreme in its simplicity,
To man from woman flowing,
Noblest worth creates in each
And highest happiness instils in both."

His reason fled
Before the rising sun

Of passionate and rosy love.
The maiden saw in him
The image of Omnipotence.
Their overpowered spirits met !
What is this music in the soul ?
The spirit's immortality !
It thrilled their forms and their full hearts
Arose in dazzling splendor
Far above
All thoughts of earth.
Ah ! even to the tuneful stars
Their spirits fled !
So they were lulled in an embrace,
Pure as the flowers breathing fragrance near,
Filled with that grandest love
That dwells in Paradise !

He kissed the gentle cheek
Of that bewitching maid ;
He gazed upon her loveliness.
The cruel spell of love
Was coiled around his soul ;
His inspiration sought
The melody of words :

" What art thou that I love thee so ?
I conquered all this folly once,
And curbed this passion in my soul,
Commanding it to hide itself,

That, humble in my pride,
I might achieve
The grandeur of a name!
O! vanity of hope!
O! everlasting grief!
The noblest souls are often poor
In worldly wealth;
But in high thoughts
They wander with the haughty stars!

"O! whither may I fly with thee?
Earth smiles at my impassioned tone!
Here love is bound
In endless turmoil and despair
To mundane elements
Repulsive in complexity!
What boon on thee can I bestow?
My heart?
Thou hast it now,
And may celestial spirits
Guard thy soul;
And may the God that made the stars
Forgive my unintentional sin!

"From this temptation I must fly!
From thy allurements fly!
O! be thou happy as thou art,
Or love one who may give thee wealth
And keep thee in thy sphere!

"Forever from thy sight I pass!
Forgive me if thou canst!
O! my poor heart,
Why hast thou now forsaken me?
I faint,—
I lose the power of my will!
O God! protect this maiden!
Have I brought a curse on her?
Farewell!
I fly from thee away,—
Away from thee!"

And many, many times,
Mysterious Echo
His last agony repeated there:
"Away from thee!"

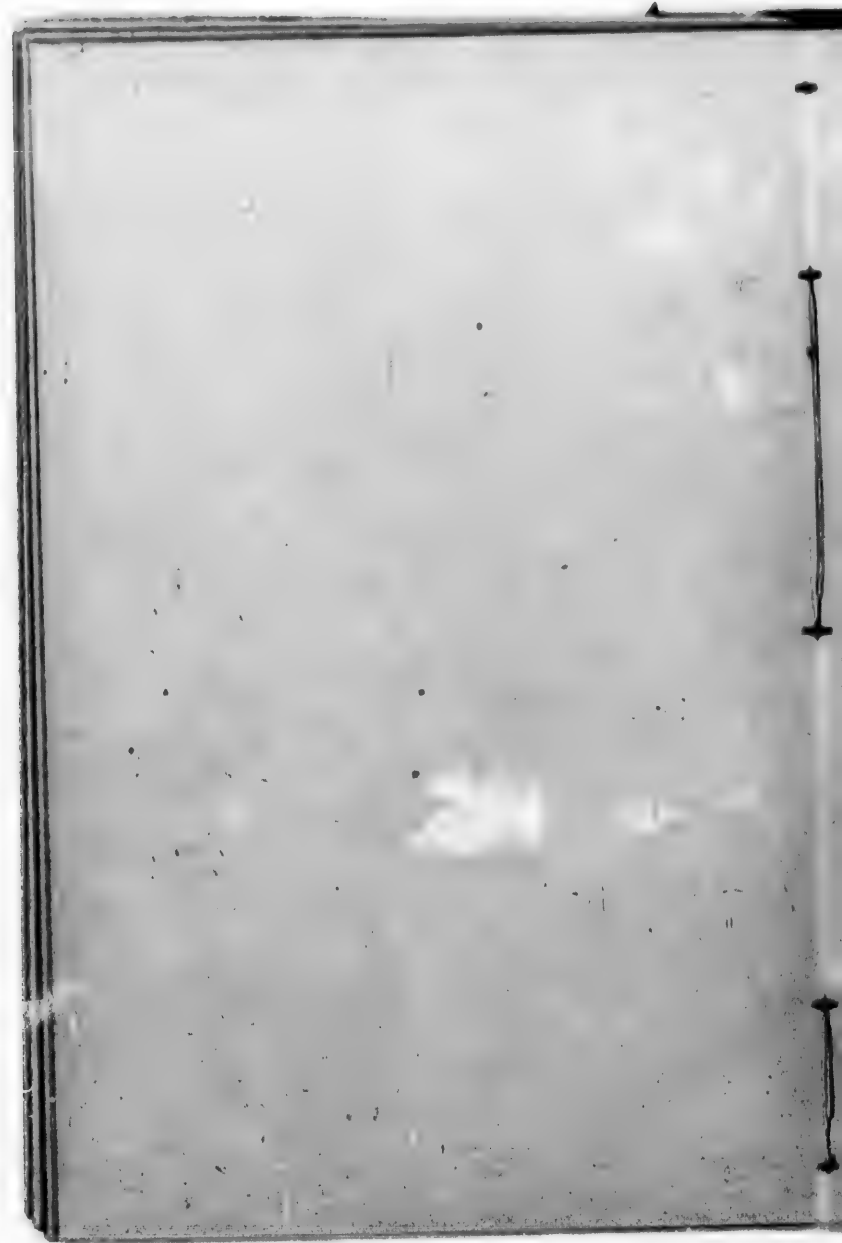
An icy tremor shook his form:
He struggled with emotion.
Light,
A glaring beam of self-control,
Shone in his moistened eyes.
A moment then he lingered there,
Impassive as the marble god,
Apollo,
Proud and grand.
The concentration of his soul,
A superhuman glow,
Gleamed in his motionless eyes;

And then away like deer uncaged,
Away he fled.

Fair as an angel,
Glorious as a star,
Stood that bewildered maid.
Her love clung to that youth:
But, like electric current, flashed
Through all her mobile senses
The meaning of his anguish.

As a dying queen
Of Nature's grandest realm,
Down on a mossy bed
Of lilies, daisies, jessamines,
And interwoven daisies,
All alone she sank
And saw that wondrous youth,
No more!

Thus, love will conquer when the heart,
Robed in its own determined plans,
Yields not at first. Its tender touch
Is fatal to the iron man
Of gory war. It conquers all!
The universe rolls through space,
Ruled by an everlasting love!
A curse on eddies that stand between
Two loving souls! Let Hell take him
Whose lechery corrupts a maid!



HOMOTH.

"Alas for Virtue! when
Torments, or contumely, or the sneers
Of erring-judging men,
Can break the heart where it abides."
—*Shelley.*



HOMOTH.

MINNE.

Why in my garden, Sir, do you
Seek me? Your name I know full well,
Acquaintance do not claim; for few
Disbelieve of you what many tell.

HOMOTH.

To thee, madame, of whom I hear
From many in the land around
Sweet things, I, suppliant, appear
For one that to thyself is bound.
Me, as a man to few men dear,
And wrongly spoken of, has she,
In her simplicity, to thee
Now sent. May I more open be?

MINNE.

Didst thou for thine own self seek me
Audacious I might deem thee near;
Yet in thy face I do not see
The counterpart of things I hear.

HOMER.

Forget the man of evil name
Addressing thee ; but let him speak
Of others who are not the same.
Though I, sweet lady, may be weak,
My soul is generous and true.
Wilt thou to my short tale attend?
By such acts we from evil grew ;
By good deeds life will never end.

Thy cousin-german of the east
With merry friends to yon fair wood
Came yester-eve to play and feast
And gathered all the neighborhood.
Though I upon the hill-side live,
That overlooks the woodland fair
In which they met, I did not give
Myself the joy to wander there.
Thy cousin-german and her maid
Came plucking flowers near my door
And, seeing me as now arrayed,
With smiles acquaintance did implore.
O! certes, I was pleased to speak
With two such maids of winning grace
Who, wise men oft have said, are weak,
Though I think might lives in each face.
A merry time we had. Full well
Thy cousin knows the pleasing art.
I almost wept to hear her tell

How thou from her waist held apart.
A story then of thee she told,
And wept that thou shouldst angry be,
Asserting it seemed over bold
To ask so soon good act of me.

MEANS.

I marvel much how one, whose deeds
Of infamy the world derides,
The sorrow of a woman heeds
Who, stranger, comes where he abides.
Perchance her beauty won your eye.
To gain her heart for evil end,
Dissembling, you to me apply
In her behalf, appearing friend.

HOSORN.

Deem me most evil man below,
Ignore me, lady, if you will!
I have more weal than silly woe,
And live in heaven on you hill.
I could not wish your cousin wrong,
Nor do to others save the right;
Thus life with me flows like a song,
And every thing with truth is bright.

Alas! sweet lady, few above
The desolating changes here
Arise to spheres of boundless love

Where neither malice, hate, nor fear
Nor scorn of men, nor injuries
Can rob the heart of lasting ease.

A maiden in my presence, sight,
And memory is, as thou art,
A sacred thing, whose purer light
Divinely penetrates my heart.

Thus, if I fold in wild embrace
Her form, all languishing in love,
And meet her soul in her sweet face,
And fly in spirit far above

Where those strange dreams within us live,
Great laws, superior to my soul,
Their mandates to my being give

That hold me in their sweet control,
Compelling me to give fair kiss

As my own small acknowledgment
Of her great charms. In such quick bliss

A touch of higher love is lent
By transcendental love to man
That tells him he in love began!

Myself.

Thou speakest like a foe of wrong;
And beauty, goodness, wisdom seem
Linked in thee, and thou movest along
Like one delighted with pure dream;
And love appears to govern thee;
But hieses from sweet subtle tongue

Have wandered willingly to me
And in my soul thy real worth stung.

HOMOTH.

Forget me, lady ; but for her,
Who spake to me, hear all I say !
If you to her once dearer were
Than now, before us all display
The beauty of your worth within
That is not schooled in idle sin.

MEMME.

In our late trouble it may be
I was in wrong ; for even I,
Though aiming at simplicity,
Fail often ; still I aim most high.
My cousin often would appear
Quite strange, and I would think at night
And, dreaming, roll in doubt and fear,
Until I thought her mind took flight,
And thus arose in her despair
That turned on me its fell design ;
Yet reason still lurked in her air
And puzzled, by its changes, mine.

HOMOTH.

Deem not each nature, strange to thee,
Without the pale of consciousness,
A victim of insanity,
Forever writhing in distress !

The world, with laws of life and change,
Makes many seem to many strange ;
But there are causes for each thing
And there are minds to fathom all,
And smallest hopes to which we cling
When oft about below to fall.

MAMMA.

My will is oft beyond control
And forces me wrong things to say
That ill become my inner soul ;
And selfishness in its own way
Is often visible in me ;
But my real self is fond and free.

HOMOTH.

Unhappiness will ever cling
Around the soul of selfish ease,
Until it doth its own self sting,
And its own evil then it sees.
Thus higher to a nobler sphere,
Impelled by knowing it was wrong,
It will ascend, soon to appear
Harmonious in that beauteous throng
That wander ever pure and free
In realms that only angels see.

MAMMA.

But, Sire,—the world (and I address
Thee so ; for thou hast that command

In thy appearance, I confess
Which is in few throughout the land,)

HOMOTH.

Repeat not, lady, what the world
Has said in evil will of me.
Around myself is pureness furled
As beauty is surrounding thee.

A Titan does not heed the wrong
That envy, malice, hatred bring.
He glories in the mighty song
Of strength which he to self can sing.
Thus, with his power he may rule
The world below him when he will.
Beneath hot wrong he can keep cool:
His worth no fiend of earth can kill.

MEMME.

What! then in life art thou so pure?
Canst thou recall no wilful wrong
From out the dead past to allure
Thee back where evil doth belong?

HOMOTH.

Was not I born on earth of earth
With something inward not mine own
That led me from an evil birth
To stand in pureness now alone?

From fault and wrong I did ascend,
 Myself within myself subduing;
 While truth without its force did lend
 By inner worth-renewing!

Mamma.

Forgiveness makes the soul divine!
 I to my cousin now am bound
 Forever by this act of thine;
 She me has gained; I thee have found.

But tell me! what may be this force
 That makes superior what you say?
 If knowledge, I within thy course
 Am led; still I would homage pay
 To something higher in thy mind
 That in mine own I do not find,

A Voice.

His loves are Grandeur, Beauty, Purity,
 His Law is God! His boundless heart is free,
 And universal love is his delight.
 His thought is linked with hearing, touch and sight.
 Nor title, wealth, nor glance of crafty maid
 Can change his life, or make his lustre fade.
 Eternal are the objects of his thought;
 Around himself their charms are ever wrought!

Mamma.

Then what I seek I find in thee!
 What to thy wisdom is my heart?

My all would I resign to be
Thy help-meet! Must thou then depart?
O! let me on thy last smile die,
Or to thy gentle bosom fly!

HOMOTH.

Forever here then shalt thou live!
Thus, to thy love my all I give!

A VOICE.

O! thou art married to thyself,
Superior man; for love divine
With wisdom, that ethereal self,
Dost thou within thyself combine;
But laws and powers high above
Command thee to this woman love!

MANN.

O! I am changed! No more shall I
Obey the dictates of my will;
But with thyself and wisdom fly
To you pure mountain from this hill!

HOMOTH.

The brilliant whiteness of thy soul
A dazzling radiance sends in me;
And with the stars our spirits roll
Unto as grand a destiny.

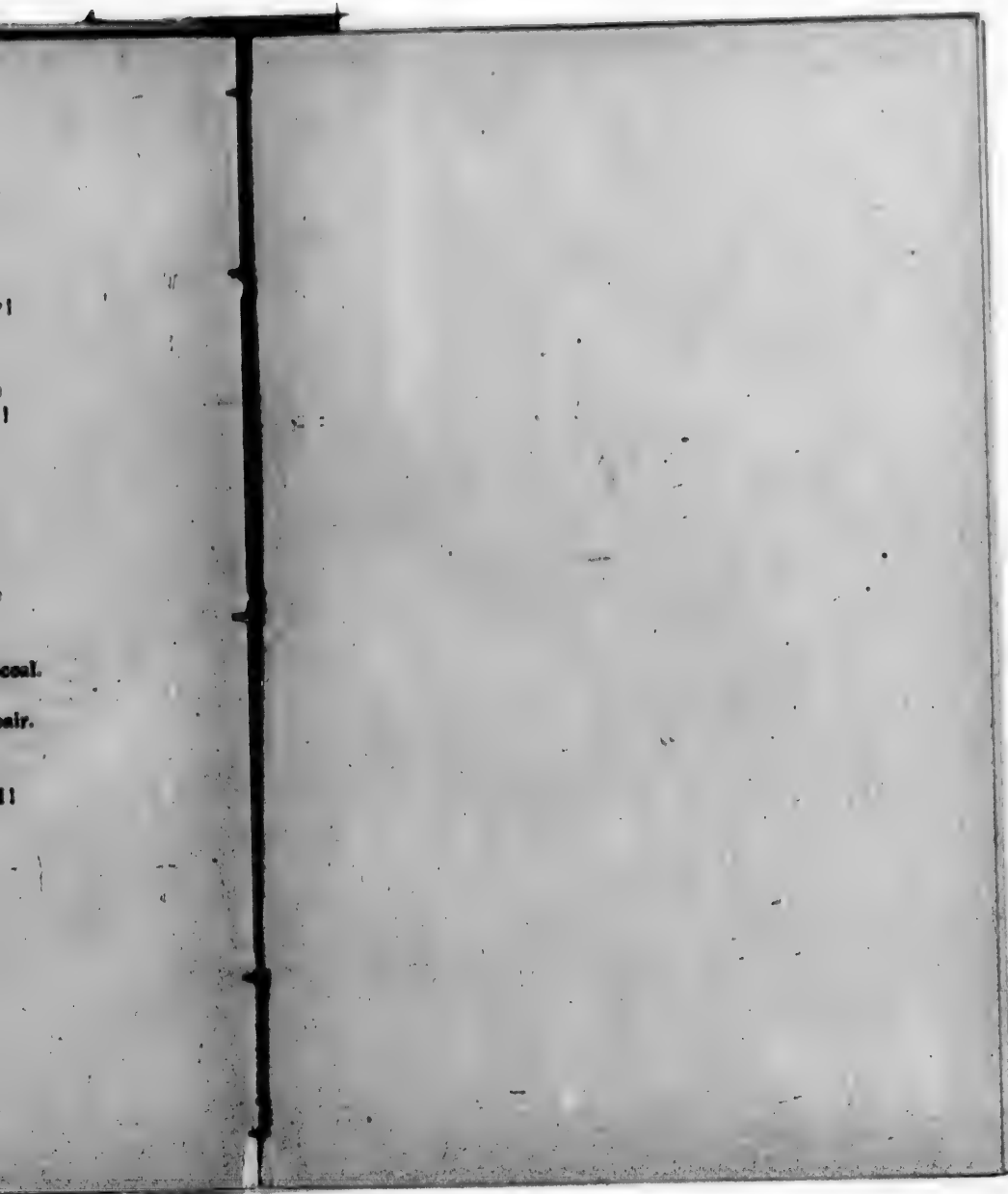
Forever we true joy shall know,
To higher love each moment grow !

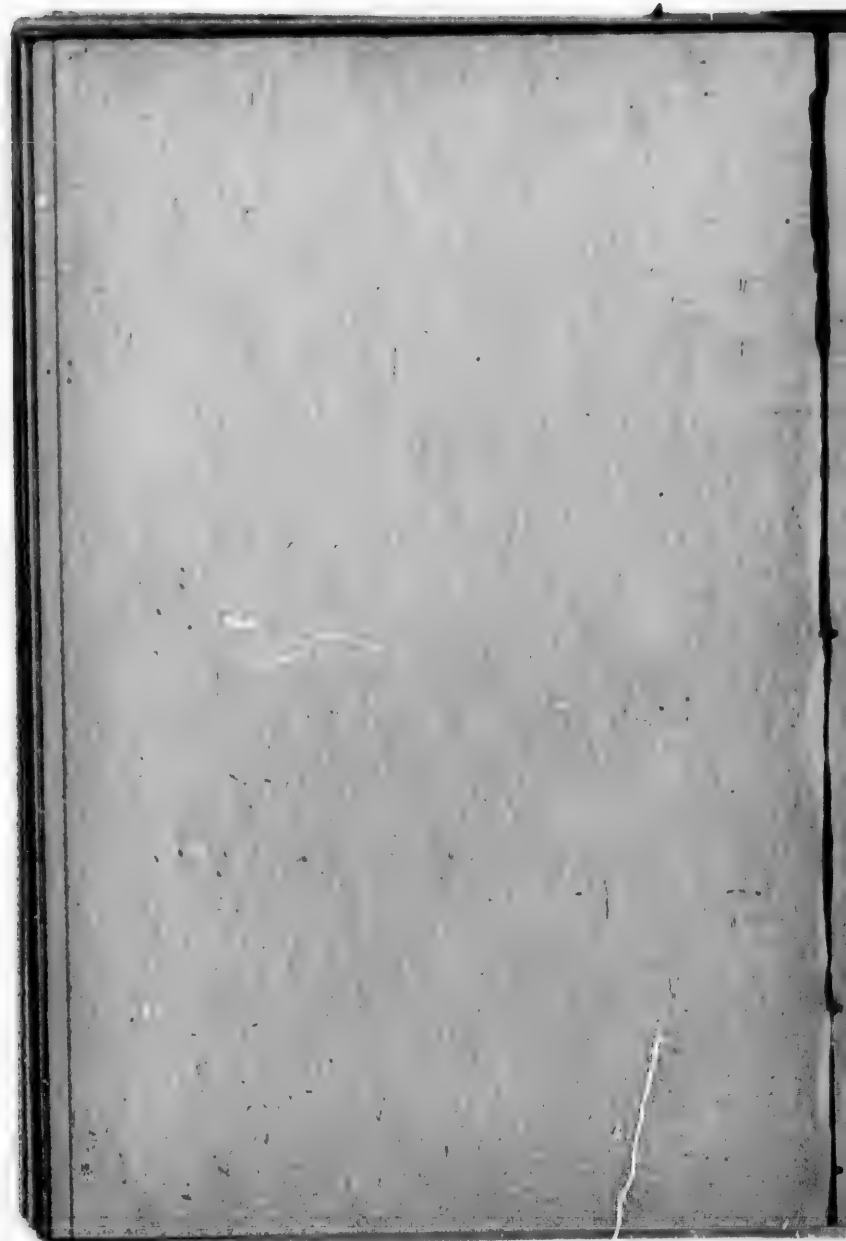
A VOICE.

Now they are one and one will be
In realms of bliss through eternity !

L'AMVOE.

A Pariah may thus arise,
Alike a meteor in the skies !
The slanderous men of evil earth
Will then reveal a viler birth ;
For he who deigns to nobly shine
Is governed by a law divine.
A thousand eyes he can reveal
Where villains deepest plans conceal.
Corrupted beings here and there
Will smile at first ; but soon despair.
Behold him then or when at last
His glorious light below is cast
Few mortal eyes will dare behold !
A Godly man is wondrous bold !





EIDOLON.

"How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream!"

—Tennyson.



EIDOLON.

The soul within
Is not all sin
Though wrapt in elements of wrong,
And dreams reveal
Celestial weal
That does not to the world belong.

What painful stings
Experience brings
That gentle beings cruel deem !
So far away
Their spirits stray
To find some solace in a dream.

The changes wrought
In objects sought
When once by us they are possessed
Will oft create
A nameless hate
That all wise spirits have confound.

Each one may meet
In odd retreat
At times some soul aloof from man,
With nature wise,
With radiant eyes,
Whose life in other place began.

But what are these
Each mortal sees
Pass on in woesbegone array?
What do they here?
What can they fear,
Bewailing on their rugged way?

Behold this throng
With joyous song
That dances in the moon-lit hour!
It is not sad;
Yet is it mad,
Enchanted by some curious power?

We can not tell
Where laws may dwell
Invisible, or when that might
That governs all
In wrath may fall
And turn our brightest day to night.

Odd creatures here
Do oft appear
Whose inward worth no one may see,
And idle folk
That worth provoke,
Conjecturing what its aim may be.

One such I met
Near rivulet
Beside grand rocks with trees o'er head.
I guessed the theme
Of his day-dream
And, moving nearer, to him said :

"Thou art as one
Who loves the sun,
The gaudy lacings in the wood,
And things unseen
Save in thy dream,
Thou art as one not understood.

"Why not leave dell,
And with me dwell
In marble home by river-side?
Sweet maidens there
Dispel despair
And in calm luxury abide!"

This answer came,
And made deep shame
Within my soul within that wood;
And I felt he
Might ever be
A musing soul misunderstood:

"The older I grow
And the more I know
Alas! the less I wish to say.
I often feel
That joy and weal
That in all idle silence play.

"When I'm with man
I seldom can
My limpid thoughts in words express;
Though sense is there,
I do not dare
My burning passion to confess.

"A maid I oft
With mind aloft
In these lone wood-lands here espy.
No spell-bound word
Is ever heard;
Our souls speak through the glowing eye.

" My arm is bound
Her waist around,
A ruby kiss interprets thought.
Such joy as this
Transcends the bliss
That in your grand salon is sought.

" She cannot die !
Her beauties fly
In matchless grace before my mind.
I hear her song ;
It rolls along
Within the larynx of the wind.

" Had I the right
Each blissful night
To rove with her along this stream,
O who would be
More blessed and free,
Or live in more enchanting dream ?

" Oft when I spy
A maiden nigh
Where unexpressive love is found,
A pang doth make
My nature quake
That leaves within my heart a wound.

"Some few there are
I see afar
Inviting me to share their joy.
I never can,
A sober man,
Be pleased now as when a boy.

"The beautiful earth
Was pure in birth
And now reveals its inner mind.
Its winning light
Has marvellous might
And is with love and truth combined.

"While Nature plays
In divers ways
Peculiar pranks upon her self,
She has a glance
In her wild dance
That springs from every mount and delf.

"But that great power
We spy each hour
In lawless sea and gentle sky
Has dignity
We seldom see
In lowly beings born to die!

"In moods like this
I Nature kiss
And with her fondle in the eve
Together we
On land and sea
A flowing rapturous poem weave.

"The merry maid
For love arrayed
Comes tripping down the floral way ;
And whether here,
Afar or near,
I see or love her every day.

"For she is part
Of that my heart
Delights itself in all the while ;
And when we meet
A tremor sweet
Is mingled in her loving smile. •

O! never fear
The wondrous leas,
That glorious Nature doth contain,
Can make thee pine !
Her truth divine
Instills oft transitory pain

"In those who see
Dark misery
In all the fairest things around;
But thou shouldst find
What each great mind
Has ever in her beauty found!

"The diverse view
Down avenues
Of clinging vine and veteran tree
Is sweet at morn;
For dews adorn
The tender leaves with purity!

"The gorgeous light
Surmounts the night,
And carols wander overhead,
Unnumbered things
With gauzy wings
From sleep by golden sun are led.

"They ever go
Both to and fro.
And frolic in the quiet air.
Both death and birth
Renew the Earth
And make its rolling scenery fair.

" He who obeys
 These winning ways
 Of Nature and her laws profound
 Will ever be
 Both wise and free
 And to no evil longings bound.

" These laws will bring
 A beautiful thing,
 That no pure spirit can resist,
 With perfect grace,
 Whose smiling face
 Will every morn in love be kissed.

And she as true
 Will oft appear
 To find in his grand soul her all ;
 And will obey
 Each passing day
 His sweet behest and charming call.

" Thus life will flow
 Without deep woe
 Unto its destined earthly end ;
 Until a grave
 The land or wave
 To each cold lifeless form will lend.

"But there may still
Be life to fill
Another form as passing sweet,
Whose perfect grace
And smiling face
Another noble soul may meet.

"Thus round and round
With curious sound
Existence does with love revolve.
Both here and there
All things are fair;
But few the godly problem solve.

"Then ask no more,
If you adore
These wondrous beauties Earth doth give,
That I should be
With maids and thee
Content in marble home to live."

both give,

